

NEW YORK JOURNAL  
AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE CALL FOR  
THE DEMO-  
CRATIC STATE  
COMMITTEE.

In my judgment the Democrats of the State are in favor of harmony, and will hold any leaders who attempt to create dissensions in the councils of the party responsible for such acts. It is a good time for all Democrats to get together and fight Republicans instead of wrangling among themselves. NO SIGNIFICANCE WHATSOEVER IS TO BE ATTACHED TO THE CALLING OF THE STATE COMMITTEE TOGETHER FOR SO EARLY A DAY AS SATURDAY. I have no doubt that all Democrats this Fall will be fighting for success under the party banner.

ELLIOTT DANFORTH.

Chairman of Democratic State Committee.

The conference between Senator Murphy, ex-Senator Hill and Chairman Danforth which resulted in the issuance of the call for a meeting of the State Committee next Saturday is the first sign of that harmony between Democratic leaders which is essential to party success in the State. The Journal has been confident that harmonious relations would be effected, and it is not surprised at the thorough agreement of these gentlemen to subordinate personal ambitions to the grand attack upon the common enemy. The meeting of the State Committee will be uneventful, routine business only will be discharged, and it is thoroughly understood that no question shall be permitted to arise there which could prove a menace to party unity.

The presence of Messrs. Murphy, Croker, Hill and Danforth, with Mr. McLaughlin or his representative, at Saratoga Saturday will mean the beginning of a campaign of unity and for victory.

THE  
INVINCIBLE  
AMERICAN  
SOLDIER.

Wherever our troops meet the Spaniards a victory is added to fame's roll. The valor of the Americans at Malate, mostly volunteers who had never before been under fire, justifies the most ardent national pride.

Assailed in the night by Spanish veterans outnumbering them more than three to one, the men in the American trenches in the forefront, though taken by surprise, fought gallantly and immovably, and did not retreat even when but four rounds of ammunition remained to them. Under a terrible fire more ammunition was brought.

Time and again the Spaniards were driven off, only to renew the attack, but in the end they were defeated—as usual—with heavy loss.

In Manila, as in Cuba and Porto Rico, the American soldier proves his superiority. The untrained volunteer is everywhere more than a match for the Spanish veteran. And as for our regular, where is the fighting man to whom he needs to unbonnet?

IT WAS  
"BIG ENOUGH  
FOR ALL."

When Commodore Schley said in his report to Admiral Sampson on the sinking of Cervera's fleet—"I congratulate you most sincerely upon this great victory to the squadron under your command, and I am glad that I had an opportunity to contribute in the least to a victory that seems big enough for all of us."

—he took the broad and just view that President McKinley has honored himself by adopting.

Sampson and Schley by the Executive's nomination become Rear Admirals, all the brave and skilful captains whose management of their ships was so magnificent are promoted, and Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, of the Gloucester, goes up many numbers.

Who can doubt that the Senate will with enthusiasm confirm these nominations, these laurels won in a victory "big enough for all?"

The Senate, like the President, acts for the people, and the people of this country have but one regret—that it is not possible to do more at the moment for the heroes of Santiago.

HEREDITY  
AND A  
LOST WOMAN.

Only twenty-six, handsome, great-granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, unhappily married, a drunkard, a spendthrift, inmate of a lunatic asylum and trying to get out with the law's aid—that is the life story of Mrs. Jack Wilmerding.

And a strange, terrible and painfully interesting story it is in its details as in its frightful sum.

She avers that while crazed by her misery and her habits she signed away for a few hundred dollars property worth many thousands, and fled to Europe to join her father, a man dying of dropsy. Here is her picture of the life the two led:

While in Cape I sat up night after night for a month drinking and smoking with my father. He gave me absinthe and French brandy. I had no sleep; I did not eat; I had to nurse him, and frequently had to go out at night with a lantern to bring the doctors. These doctors were named Cerio, father and son. It was the elder who afterward brought me back to America.

Her preparation for this debauchery in such revolting association was extensive:

Three years ago I began to drink to excess. My husband had started me in the habit, and my troubles, monetary as well as domestic, drove me to continue it. I drank terribly, terribly; and I smoked terribly, too! Sometimes I drank a quart of whiskey a day. I took cocktails and absinthe and liqueurs, too, all mixed up. I smoked constantly—forty cigarettes a day—and I ate nothing. I simply lived on stimulants and excitement.

No wonder that when the woman was brought back to America in a doctor's charge she was driven straight from the wharf to the asylum.

But it is a wonder that she should have recovered her health and reason. It will be a greater wonder still if ever she should regain self-respect and self-command, for women who sink, unlike men who descend far, are seldom, very seldom, able to rise out of the morass of gross self-indulgence and defiance of all the proprieties. The fibre of the sex is too fine to bear so brutalizing an experience, too fine to knit together when once torn. Delicacy gone, it is gone forever. That is the rule.

Pity goes out to this poor creature. Endowed originally, to outward seeming, with most of the advantages desired for women—wealth, social position, beauty—the girl was really doomed from the beginning. What more natural than that the daughter of such a father should inherit reckless impulses and love of stimulants? How could she get from such hands the guarding care due a daughter? Motherless, reared in schools and virtually homeless, it was next to inevitable that Marie Allen should become Mrs. Jack Wilmerding.

There is more of a problem in her case than the question of whether she should be kept in the asylum or not. The courts can decide that. But who shall determine the degree of the depraving father's guilt or the extent of the hapless daughter's moral responsibility?

## PUT "MORE SCHOOLS" IN THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.



MISS DEMOCRACY—There, there, children, stop cryin'; I'll put it in the platform this Fall.

[Reproduced from the Journal of September 25, 1898.]

## THE SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.

We demand adequate school accommodations for our population, so that no child may be denied the opportunity of education or restricted to half-day attendance at school, and this we believe to be second to no other municipal want. —Tenth plank in the Greater New York Democratic platform in 1897.

On that plank the Democratic party of New York City and the Journal stood last Fall. On that plank the government of Greater New York was confided by the people to a Democratic administration. On that plank the Journal stands to-day, and to the development and improvement of the public schools the Journal's energies shall be devoted so long as it shall endure as a newspaper.

Along among the important newspapers of this city the Journal supported the administration that won the votes of the people. That support was based upon a solemn pledge that the public schools, neglected under Republican rule, should be neglected no longer. The plank that is quoted was made part of the platform at the suggestion of the Journal. I called personally upon Mr. Sheehan, then representing the Democratic organization of New York City, to urge—should urging be needed—the importance of emphasizing in the official Democratic utterance the most important of a republic's duties, the thorough education of children at the public expense. The educational plank was framed, adopted and made the most important of the campaign's issues. For the fulfilment of the pledge the Journal stands responsible.

Within a month the public schools will reopen to resume the most important work that is done in this country—the education of the voters of the future.

Are the schools ready?

Will the school room be adequate?

Thousands of children were not taught last year. Thousands were turned away from the schools, cheated of their right to a fair start in life.

What is to happen this year?

Is there a seat in a well ventilated schoolroom ready for every school boy and girl in this city?

If not, the pledge on which the Democratic administration was elected has not been fulfilled.

If not, no excuse can be offered.

The Mayor of this city promised solemnly to live up to the platform. The people voted for him because they believed that he would permit no child in the city to lack an education.

If his work has not been done already, he should see to it at once that it is done. He has the power, he has the responsibility. He has no work in hand as important as this.

In this city the richest man should have no reason—save snobbery—for sending his son elsewhere than to the public school. There should be no school in the city as good as that which the city provides. There should be no school-rooms and no playgrounds finer, no teachers better paid or with better reasons for feeling deep interest in their pupils' welfare.

It is a distressing and a disgraceful fact that this greatest and richest city in America is not the first in its public school system.

A democracy is judged by its efforts to encourage genuine equality. Equality in opportunity, at least, can be given to every citizen if the public schools do their duty.

IMPROVE THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS; INCREASE THE PAY OF TEACHERS; GIVE FRESH ENCOURAGEMENT TO THOSE WHO EDUCATE AND GREATER COMFORT TO THE CHILD WHO STUDIES; BETTER PLAYGROUNDS; BETTER BOOKS.

IMPROVE THE AMERICAN RACE BY IMPROVING THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

W. R. HEARST.

ADMIRAL  
SAMPSON,  
ADMIRAL  
SCHLEY.

Sampson and Schley are both to be made Rear Admirals. The President has come to this decision.

The promotion in each case is deserved, and the equality of rank conferred settles, or ought to settle, forever the unseemly and rancorous wrangle over the share of glory that rightfully belongs to each for the victory of Santiago.

The grateful American people salute Admiral Sampson and Admiral Schley, and will delight to further honor both.

THE BRIGANDS  
OF THE  
BRITANNIC.

The White Star Line has an interest in the fullest exposure of the Britannic conspiracy even greater than that of the public.

It is an amazing thing that for a long time a band of brigands should have made an ocean liner their home and field of operations—the leader of the band being the ship's chief officer. Leagued with him were the third officer and other employees.

Extensive smuggling operations are known to have been carried on. But much worse than this was the systematic rifling of the mail bags on each of the steamer's trips. The key of the mailroom, down in the hold, was in possession of Jago, the chief officer, and he appears to have attended at his leisure and in entire security to the highly gainful work of unsealing the bags, relieving registered letters of their valuable contents, and then resealing the pouches with an imitation seal manufactured for that purpose.

How many thousands of dollars were stolen from the mails, how much the Government has been cheated in the matter of duties on smuggled laces, diamonds and other goods can only be conjectured, but the total is supposed to be enormous.

Jago, the brigand chief, has so far eluded the detectives, but the underlings are in jail, and it ought not to be difficult to bring the whole gang to justice.

The extent of the responsibility, either legal or moral, or both, that attaches to the White Star Line for the impunity with which its employees committed crimes on board its ship remains to be determined.

The Government has a duty beyond the prosecution of the criminals. It ought not to be possible to rob the United States mail on a steamship regularly plying between this and foreign ports as the White Star's vessels do. Since the company has demonstrated its inability to protect the mails, they should hereafter be under the constant charge of Federal officials. That would be a safe practice on all the ocean steamships, and the companies should be required to defray the cost.

REMEMBER  
THESE  
HEROES, TOO.

DANIEL MONTAGUE, first-class machinist on the cruiser New York.

J. C. MURPHY, coxswain on the Iowa.

OSBORN DEIGNAN, coxswain on the Merrimac.

GEORGE F. PHILLIPS, first-class machinist on the Merrimac.

FRANCIS KELLY, water tender on the Merrimac.

R. CLAUSEN, coxswain on the New York.

GEORGE CHARENTE, gunner's mate on the cruiser New York.

WILLINGNESS TO SUSPECT dependent allies, and readiness to insult them may be natural, but not that way lies the reward of their grateful, trusting friendship.

DON'T BE TOO HARD on the Cubans and Filipinos for desiring independence. Our own forefathers were equally unreasonable.

## HARMONY.

Let the Democratic party secure that and victory in the State of New York will be its reward.

THE PHILIPPINES, reddened with the blood of American soldiers, must never pass from under the Stars and Stripes. Nail the flag to the mast!

WHAT AMERICAN VALOR has won American statesmanship should have the courage to keep.

## PEACE WITH SPAIN, YES.

But no peace that relinquishes to the enemy one particle of that which has been conquered by our army and navy.

THE LONG AGONY of Cuba has taught us what sort of a neighbor Spain is.

What reason is there to hope that she would be different in the Pacific from what she has been in the Caribbean?

Leave Spain a foothold in the Philippines and a war is laid up for the future.

Spain may some time be able to get a partner.

## THE REST OF IT.

"What do think about the propriety of a round robin?" asked one officer.

"It's all right," replied the other. "It's in accord with the fitness of things. The case of Cervera furnished the large cold bottle. And the small hot bird should not be entirely omitted."—Washington Star.

## ALAN DALE ON

Mansfield's me-little-son has already established himself, proudly and crowingly, as a newspaper topic. The great actor gave him his credentials and started denying things with great gusto. He has told an expectant public that the baby did not weigh sixteen, but eleven, pounds—just as though five pounds more or less of Mansfield mattered. He has also asserted that, if he is able to prevent it, his son and heir shall never be an actor. The infant is a rattle over a week old, so it will be seen that he has begun nicely. At any rate, me-little-son is going to be eminently useful. There are possibilities that his baby carriage may be displayed in the lobbies of the theatres at which his popper plays. No actor has, up to the present, dared to exhibit his domesticity; but Mansfield is original, and, not being a matinee-girl actor, an infant or two would destroy no illusions. Then there is a prospect of what is known as the pretty family photograph. You know the sort I mean—with baby's head nestling upon the shoulders of mother and father, cabinet size, eight dollars a dozen. To be sure, this sort of thing is considered dreadfully middle-class, but Mansfield—I repeat it—is original, and I shouldn't be in the least surprised to find one of these pictures in the photograph frames used in theatres. To his critics Mansfield can now make a very pathetic plea. "I don't like to be ridiculed," he said to me at Rye some time ago, "because this ridicule goes into the records, and will be read by future generations." He can now remark: "Gentlemen, remember that I am a father; reflect that there is a son upon whose innocent head your sarcasms must fall. Do not spare me, but save, oh! save my dear little boy." I can't help thinking that me-little-son is the best thing that has happened to Mansfield in years. Actors are not much disposed to giving "hoastings to fortune." When such an event happens it is usually most unpublic and secluded. The squire of Rye has set a good example. It may be a bitter blow to the matinee girl, but the matinee matron likes it. And the matron's dollar and a half on Saturday afternoons is pleasantly current coin.

Disenchantment is cruel, and actresses should be careful what they do. The other day, under my front door, I found a delightful half-tone picture of Viola Allen, dressed as Renée de Cœurfort in "Under the Red Robe." Her attitude was reposeful and poetic, and in her eyes was the dying-duck expression that is considered so comely upon the stage. It was a pretty picture, and I was just contemplating framing it and placing it upon my desk as an inspiration to be used in dark-blue moments, when I happened to glance at the legend underneath. It read: "The Dress Shield is a most excellent article. Accept my heartiest endorsement, Viola Allen." It was very discouraging, and I threw the picture away. I shall try to forget it, but it will be hard work. When I look upon Miss Allen as Glory Quarte, being, you yet remember John Storm to the evils of earthly love, it would spoil all the possibilities of the Hall Caine situations if I suddenly remembered dress shields. There is not much romance about them. Possibly Hall Caine, who is realistic, might have woven them into his story had he known that Miss Allen was so fond of them. He might have written in this strain: "Glory, pale and trembling, turned from John Storm, anxious to save him the pangs of rejection. She knew she was looking handsomely, quietly, enticing, but she had forgotten her dress shields. Rushing upstairs, she put them on, and came back to him. The spell was broken." Why are actresses so foolish? How is it that they can be induced to lend their difficulty-won names so readily? It is all very well to advertise life-giving bitters, tannic acid, golden hair washes and fragrant perfumes, but dress shields seem to be painfully prosaic. Miss Allen was not alone in the picture I have mentioned. On the other side of the sheet that portrayed her I discovered Miss Maxine Elliott, in all her sweet

Mansfield's Me-Little-Son—Actresses and Indorsements—Mrs. Schiller, nee Yvette Guilbert—The Chorus Girl—Prima Donna.

Mrs. Dr. Schiller, whom we used to know, and more or less appreciate, as Yvette Guilbert, is to tour Russia, Austria, Germany and Roumania, under the management of her brothers-in-law, Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld. The statement has a terribly unromantic ring about it. The Rosenfeld brothers are sound business men, not in the least inclined to let a dollar for ninety-nine cents, and it wouldn't be so trying to our nerves to hear that Yvette had voluntarily selected them as pilots. But she has married into their family. Her husband's sister is Frau Rosenfeld, and one can't get up the slightest excitement about the statement that they are to pay her \$800,000, and 45 per cent of the net receipts. Yvette, in her highly advertised eccentricities, her superb disregard of the conventions, her stout defence of the chanson that has two meanings, and her general century-end-ness, entertained and amused us. Now she is Mrs. Dr. Schiller, and hubby's relatives by marriage are going to take her through Europe. The charm has gone. The rose has wilted. The eminent Parisienne wears the savor of Frankfurter sausages and sauerkraut. She is no longer a skittish demoiselle, but a fully-fledged frau. Her husband is a charming fellow, full of literary aspiration and artistic perceptions, but Yvette is going to be managed by her brothers-in-law, and it will be a—well, if she comes back to this country she will be less distinctly helpless than formerly. She will not be able to shrug her pretty shoulders and say "Je suis seule et égarée." She will bring her husband with her—her husband who has business-managed the Lilliputians and press-agented Duse. He will know the ropes from beginning to end, and tell her exactly what to say to the interviewers. He will even induce her to forget that she ever said rude and angry things about America to me in Paris last year.

A chorus girl from the Savoy Theatre, London, is to be imported by Mr. Frohman for the leading role of "Little Miss Nobody," which will open the Garden Theatre. Her name is Ethel Jackson, and she is said to have understood everybody worth understanding at the Savoy. This is extremely hopeful, and the chorus girl, shivering in the poverty of seakskin jackets, must begin to feel that her time has come. Miss Edna May's sudden ascent from the Casino ranks has borne ripe fruit. London accepted her as though she had been a prima donna of Lillian Russell's standing. And now London is retreating, and sending us Ethel Jackson. It is comforting to know that, in this way, the supply of prima donnas is practically unlimited. And why not? These girls have the very best opportunities for study and discipline. They see, and they hear, and they watch effects and methods. If there is anything in them it is bound to mature, and with the knowledge that there are prospects for each and all, we shall get better choruses than ever. The sudden rise of the chorus girl is a wholesome and satisfactory symptom. It is a sign that the bad those designs upon the comic opera stage which are cherished by sensational ladies with notoriety and diamonds to their credit. It will boost voice and talent, which have been hidden far too long. The chorus girl prima donna will teach an audience not to expect too much at first, but to watch and approve. "Press agents" will be useless in her case. She will go upon her merits, and these last longer than mere anecdotal persuasions. We asked no questions about Edna May. We accepted her unhesitatingly, and admired the courage of the managers who "put her on." By all means let us welcome Miss Ethel Jackson, even if the Prince of Wales never smiled upon her—even if she was never known as a "syndicate girl" in one of George Edwards's companies.

ALAN DALE.

## NEWS OF OUR HIGHEST CIRCLES—BY CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

The fog has set in at Newport again, and one hears on all sides much complaint against it.

Sunday there were many lunches, and at night the Casino was the scene of a half dozen very gay dinners. This is a new departure—going to the Casino.

Everything has been Golf Club so long that the poor old Casino was forgotten, but on Sunday nights saw many due there.

Mrs. John Davis, of Washington, had a large dinner. Among her guests, besides her son Bancroft Davis and her daughter Miss Beale Davis, were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kemp, Miss Grey, Miss Mason, I. Townsend Burden, Jr., Roger Winthrop and others.

Mrs. Potter Palmer also had a small dinner. Her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Willie Travers, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Winthrop, Jr., Mr. Honore, Mr. Honore Palmer, Miss Elsie Clews and Reggie Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Hunsweil entertained at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Belmont, William Burden, Jr., and John Tooker.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at another table had Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Ronalds, Miss Fair, Mr. Bourke Cockran, Mr. Harry Lehr, Mr. Charles Munn, Mr. William Coster. All the tables were handsomely decorated with flowers.

After dinner every one came down stairs and sat on the lawn and listened to the concert, where a great number of people were assembled.

## Another Round of Dinners.

On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Elissa Dyer, Jr., gave a small dinner, as did Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Brooks gave a large dinner at their place, Rockham.

Mr. Robert Cutting is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Townsend Burden, for the week.

Mr. Bourke Cockran is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish at their place, the Crossways.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Ronalds are also the guests

of Mrs. Fish. To-morrow Mrs. French's dance is on the programme.

There was a big dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Elissa Dyer, Jr.'s, on Tuesday. Her guests were Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Ronalds, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Duryea, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Belmont, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's dance, like all things she does, was well done.

The house was brilliantly illuminated. It could be seen by all Newport in its elevated position, being one blaze of light and color. The dance was given in honor of Miss Marion Fish, who is not yet out, and in consequence only the very young set were present. A few of Mrs. Fish's friends were asked in—Mr. and Mrs. Elissa Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, Mrs. Moses Taylor Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Belmont, Miss Louise Sands, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Peudleton, and a few others.

A novelty in the beginning of the cotillon, which was led by Mr. Harry Lehr, of Baltimore, was a small donkey drawing a tiny cart, led by a negro in full costume, with a big straw hat. The cart was covered with wheat and harvest flowers, poppies and field daisies and red ribbons, and was filled with cotton favors of rakes and hoes gilded and ornamented with ribbons and flowers. The donkey was led three times around the room, and then despoiled of his favors and led out.

Among those present were Miss Lillie Oelrichs, Miss Grey, Miss Julia Grant, Miss Edith Clapp, Miss Laura Swan, Miss Gwendolyn Burden, Miss Charlotte Whitney, Miss Nathalie Wells, Miss Constance Livermore, Miss Fannie Jones, Miss Cornelia Davies, Miss Whitehouse, Robert Gerry, William Stuyvesant, William Whitehouse, Frank Andrews, Austin Grey, Reggie Vanderbilt, Alfred Vanderbilt, John R. King, William Spencer, Charles Hatch, Cyril Hart, Harry Grey, and many others. After the cotillon there was a supper, and the fun lasted until three in the morning.

## A PLEA FOR UNDILUTED ENGLISH.

In the August Atlantic Monthly is printed an essay written by Sidney Lanier about 1880, making a powerful and logical plea for the great Anglo-Saxon epics as the basis of English culture, as against imported literature, not excluding it nor neglecting it, but preceding it. "We do not bring with us," wrote Lanier, "out of our childhood the fiber of idiomatic English which our fathers bequeathed to us. The boy's English is diluted before it has become strong enough for him to make up his mind clearly as to the true taste of it."

"Our literature needs Anglo-Saxon iron; there is no rudeness in its cheeks, and everywhere a clear lack of the red corpses. Current English prose on both sides of the water reveals an ideal of pro-writing most like the leaden sky of a November day, that overpreads the earth with deadness—no rift in its tissue nor flick in its tint."

"Upon any soul with the least feeling for color the model 'editorial' of the day leaves a profound rejection. The sentences are all of a height, like regiments on parade, and the words are immaculately plain, snug and clean-shaven. Out of all this regularity comes a kind of prudery in our literature."

"One will go into few moderately appointed houses in this country without finding a Homer in some form or other; but it is probably far within

the truth to say that there are not fifty copies of Beowulf in the United States. Or, again, every boy, though far less learned than that erudite young person of Macaulay's, can give some account of the death of Hector; but how many boys—or, not to mince matters, how many men—in America could do more than stare if asked to relate the death of Byrhtnoth?

"Yet Byrhtnoth was a hero of our own England in the tenth century, whose manifold life is recorded in English words that ring on the soul like arrows on armor. Why do we not draw in this poem—and its like—with our mother's milk? Why have we no nursery songs of Beowulf and the Grendel?

"Why does not the serious education of every English-speaking boy commence, as a matter of course, with the Anglo-Saxon grammar? These are more serious questions than any one will be prepared to believe who has not followed them out to their logical results."

The essay goes on to prove by comparison the degenerate quality of our language, and how it weakened from the fifteenth century on, and translates some of the most robust passages from "The Death of Byrhtnoth," an Anglo-Saxon poem dating from about A. D. 930, which, Lanier said, "in the judgment of my ear sets the grace of safety and the grimness of battle to noble music. I think no man could hear this poem read aloud without feeling his heart beat faster and his blood stir."